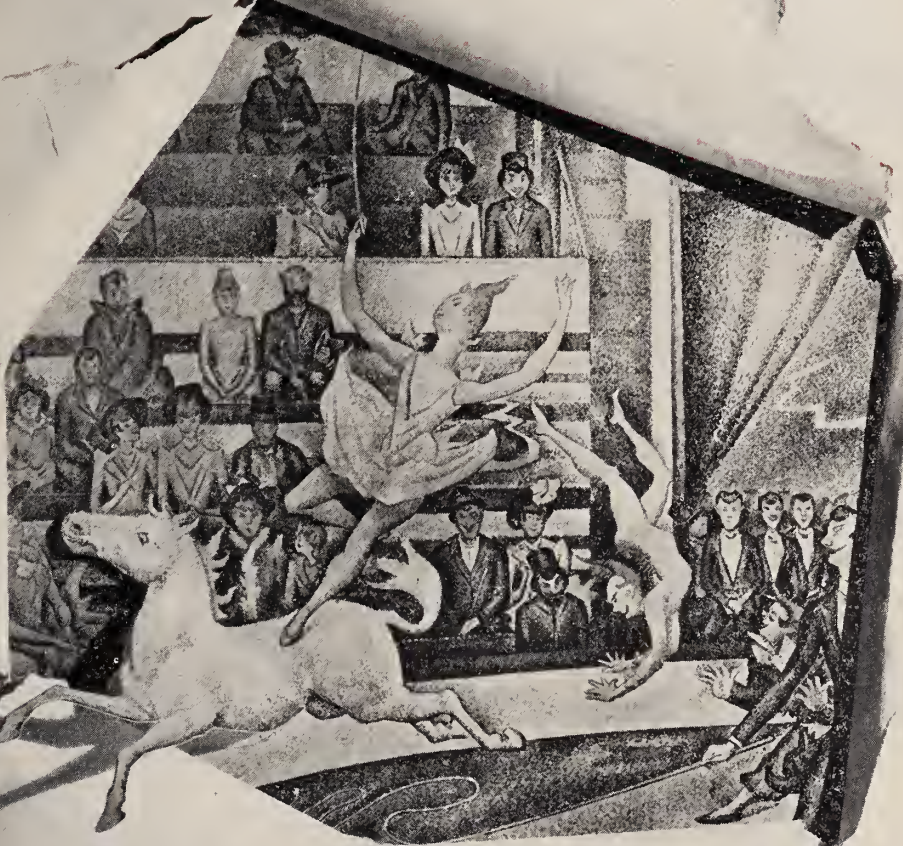


Dance Index



Clowns, Elephants and Ballerinas



Photograph: Ike Vern - Pix

Dance Index

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Comment

The cover of the first number of *Dance Index* was designed by Joseph Cornell and he has been a regular contributor for the last four and a half years. This issue, dedicated to those persistent dancers, the Clown, the Elephant and the Ballerina (or Equestrienne), is all the work of his hands, eyes and imagination. Mr. Cornell has a very special gift; the energy for collection, juxtaposition and contrast. For him, the inconsequential past is neither frivolous nor dead. The horse-spectacles of Astley's Amphitheater, the Funambules of Deburau's boulevards are as alive, human and significant to him as Coney Island or the Ballet Russe, maybe even more so. Many amateurs love the vaguely preposterous past, but few pursue it with the affectionate surgery and relentless skill of Joseph Cornell. He is brother to the scientist who recreated a whole pre-historic age from the glimpse of a dinosaur's tooth. From a fragment of a program, a set of lithographs, a couple of footnotes and a reference in a letter, Mr. Cornell evokes splendid evenings completely lost. Only now we find they are merely sleeping, waiting for him to surprise them back into life.

The dancer as lyric artist has two great fields of expression: the pure vocabulary of the classic international dance, and pantomime. While he forges ahead with the first, he quite forgets the second. Only the circus clown still reminds us of the golden age of King Panto, when everything was made clear poetically and even realistically by brilliant dumb-show, derived from Neapolitan comedians and French travelling players. Dancers have much to learn from the clown. In the huge circuses of today, clowns make half-apologetic

entrances, hustled by crowds of tumblers, animal acts and aerialists. Sometimes they can be furtively spotted wherever burlesque or vaudeville survives—in provincial cities or some musical films.

Mr. Cornell and *Dance Index* are particularly honored by Marianne Moore's defense of the Elephant as Dancer. Most of us remember her wonderful poem on Elephants in "Nevertheless" (Macmillan, 1944):—

... But magic's masterpiece is theirs,—
Houdini's serenity quelling his fears. . . .

Miss Moore, who so lovingly anatomized the dragonfly grace of Anna Pavlova (*Dance Index*; Vol. III, no. 3; March 1944),—is the intimate friend of all movement and gesture, human or animal. On rare occasions a dance, or a spectacle, a dancer or even an animal moving, takes on in our Western world,—even though fragmentarily,—a kind of super-theatrical significance, which elevates it to a symbolic, an almost Eastern and mystical meaning. Miss Moore's genius derives moral emblems from a butterfly and an elephant:

Who rides on a tiger can never dismount;
asleep on an elephant, that is repose.

Admirers of Joseph Cornell's art are referred to "Le Quatuor Dansé à Londres," (The Pas de Quatre of Taglioni, Grisi, Cerrito and Ellsler), *Dance Index*, Vol. III, nos. 7 & 8, July-August 1944, and "Hans Christian Andersen and the Ballet," Vol. IV, no. 9, September 1945. We are happy to announce he is preparing a special number on the Celestial Ballet and Heavenly Spectacle.

L. K.

COVER: Arranged by Joseph Cornell from the painting "Le Cirque" by Seurat, in the Louvre.
(Photographed by Larry Colwell).

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Clowns

The rich expressivity of the mute but mobile clown in whiteface mask was most appreciated in the popular theaters of the first half of the nineteenth century, in the personalities of Grimaldi and Deburau. The Englishman with his violent, beer-and-skittles horseplay—the Frenchman a classic type of moonstruck and ironic Pierrot, stand for the two poles of the pantomimic genre, which we can trace from Greek and Roman comedy through mediaeval fools and tumblers to Charlie Chaplin and Harpo Marx. Clowns do not always dance, but essentially they were trained as dancers; their hands, feet, their whole bodies express themselves precisely, as dancers. Chaplin's feet continually revert to a parody of the five classic ballet positions which he learned early in skits of Cockney music-halls.



Grimaldi, ca. 1820.



Woodcut: Yeitaku. "Tai Yu."
ca. 1820.

Elephants

The Asiatic elephant made his debut in the Roman circus, and has been appearing consistently in extravagant shows ever since, to contrast his ponderous strength and vast, docile cleverness with the delicacy and agility of spangled dancing-girls. The elephant has become a kind of dialectical symbol for theatrical dancing; its huge grey bulk the opposite of the flashing ballerina's mercurial evanescence. We find him in the first ballet which history graces with the name (illus. p. 145). Later, he performed under Louis XIV, and a hundred years ago was loudly applauded for his patient balance, his solemn trunk and his rhythmical adagio foot-work.

Ballerinas

The Equestrienne, a bareback cousin of Taglioni, Pavlova and Mar-kova—floats about her ring in an endless circle of anonymity, her supreme gymnastics often transcended by her touching grace—adored by crowds, children and a few artists—Balzac, Seurat, Picasso—who have caught her curious and special skill as a symbol of the combination of human and animal elegance, which the Greeks knew in centaurs. Horses paw primly as dancers, and the bareback ladies are often as strong as horses.



South American Equestrienne. ca. 1870.

CLOWNS



MR GRIMALDI as CLOWN
in the Pantomime of
HARLEQUIN & the GIRL

Portrait of Grimaldi



Joseph Grimaldi. L. Raven

The modern circus still carries a "Grimaldi" in its roster of clown types; a washed-out version of the great Joey still capers in English pantomime; but these are faint echoes of a glorious tradition. The "Adam Smasher" of this year's Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey circus, like similar bits in other years, is a fill-in that gives, however, a vivid and sparkling flash of the horseplay of the endlessly involved and bewildering transformations and metamorphoses that were the glory of the English pantomime. And the crew of motley zanies that circle the sawdust ring with their outlandish gag paraphernalia during the performance accord silent and touching homage to Grimaldi.

The son of an itinerant pantomime actor and dancer (who later became a ballet-master and was engaged by Garrick for the pantomimes at Drury Lane) Joseph Grimaldi was born in 1778. Before his passing,

in 1837, from the exactions of the profession, he had so completely embraced his art as to surpass all predecessors, "and no clown since approached the tradition left us by the excellence

of the great original."

"His pantomime was such that you could fancy he would have been Pulcinello of the Italians, an Arlequin of the French—that he could have returned a smart repartee upon Carlin.

His motions, eccentric as they were, were evidently not a mere lesson from the gymnasium; there was a will, a mind overflowing with, nay, living upon fun. Nobody ever saw a practical joke of Grimaldi's miss fire.

... If he was, now and then, allowed to speak a word or two, they never came out as having been set down for him. Everybody thought they were sportive ebullitions of the wild frolic spirit which broke out of him."



Drawn by Howard CRIMALDI: TANDEM in the famous *Pantomime du Golden Fleece*

Pantomime "Business". London, 1840

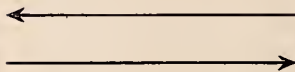
"Some baskets of fruit are changed into three tables elegantly covered with fruit and flowers. Clown is crammed into a giant gooseberry and Pantaloon into a great raspberry which are respectively labeled "Gooseberry fool" and "Raspberry jam." Then Harlequin draws a magic circle within which everyone is forced to dance, even the fish on a fishmonger's tray joining in. A view of Trafalgar-square and the National Gallery follows the placards on the wall, affording material for verbal jokes. From the bill of the *Argus* a number of eyes appear watching Clown at his pilfering. A touch of Harlequin's bat changes the Nelson monument, a load of ship's blocks becomes the ship *Victory*, out of which is taken a tiny sailor. This is followed by a dance by sailors and their lasses.

The Clown and Pantaloon take refuge in furnished lodgings, which progresses to bare walls at the touch of Harlequin's bat to the bewilderment of the two lodgers. Chair after chair slips through the wall or the floor, fire-irons take their way by the chimney, candles whirl round when wanted to light a cigar, window curtains dissolve to nothing, sofas and tables take their departure, chimney ornaments fling themselves at Clown, and the huge looking-glass falls on his head with a fearful smash, leaving him standing in melancholy astonishment in the empty frame."

Quotation from *King Panto*, by A. E. Wilson. E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc.



"The unrivalled clown is represented in the act of opening a number of oysters from a barrel; and the very way in which he leers at the bivalves and the manner in which he brandishes an exaggerated oyster-knife, at once suffices to convince you that the man had inherited from his Italian father the most subtle of mimetic powers."

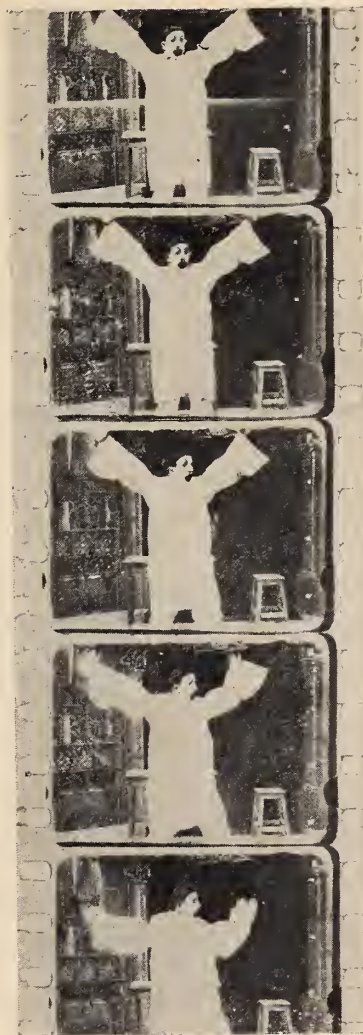


More than a century later, Harpo's leer, his wide-eyed surprise and frenzied glee amid the familiar atmosphere of confusion and happy destruction, shine for us as a continuation of the golden thread of pantomime tradition.



Le Théâtre de Debureau

One steel watch chain
 One small bell
 One globe
 One desk; colored box, with drawers
 One cardboard telescope
 One magician's wand
 One saucepan, tin
 Whiskey glasses
 One jar with handle
 One wooden fork
 One sceptre, gilded wood
 Two clarinets
 Two cardboard shields
 One map on two rollers
 Eleven ragged books
 Clockwork snakes
 Box for a three-cornered hat
 One tin box with loose lid
 Eight branches of laurel blossom
 One goblet of gilded wood
 Trunks of different sizes
 One lock of hair
 One pastry dish, cardboard
 One small bottle
 One copper lantern
 Thirty wooden guns
 One scarf of green silk, embroidered in gold
 One tricolor scarf
 One crutch
 One cardboard loaf
 Three barking dogs
 One black cat
 One peacock
 One cock
 Four cannon-balls
 One live falcon
 One diligence
 Fifteen Crosses of the Legion of Honor
 One shower of rain, composed of tinsel paper in a box
 Four crowns of gold leaves
 Two golden lyres, painted wood
 One royal seal
 One golden key



"In your picture of this actor, bring his setting to mind. It is the setting of the common people, the broom, the saucepan, the washtub, the dustbin; stool, table, glass, comb, pipe, tinder-box, mirror, ladder, jug; how should one count them all."

This series from a very early Méliès film, preserving as it does the primitive trompe l'oeil décor of the theater of Debureau, vividly evokes the atmosphere of the pantomime of the chalk-faced protagonist who animated them.

Properties listed are those of Debureau's stage at the Théâtre des Funambules, ca. 1830. (From the Jules Janin feuilleton.)

Dice
 An album
 A two-handled sword
 A pipe
 One game of lotto
 Two razors
 One strop
 One bouquet of white roses
 Letters written and otherwise
 Two cog-wheels with a handle
 Paint-brushes
 Visiting cards
 A cap-and-bells
 One bust
 One coffin
 Iron scales
 One tambourine
 One box of nails
 One black mask
 One large hammer
 Two foils
 One pair of compasses
 One bundle of umbrellas
 Seven coffee cups with saucers
 One pair of spurs
 One crucifix
 One red parchment and one steel pen
 One sponge
 Two triangles
 One violin
 One clap of thunder, composed of thirty sheets of tin
 One embroidery frame
 One bunch of keys
 Purses of different sizes
 Counters of copper and tin
 One silver medallion decorated with precious stones
 One milkjug
 One schoolboy's basket
 One cage with bird
 One spinning-wheel
 One whip
 One barometer
 One large fan
 Twelve deaths-heads



DEBURAU

Photograph: Nadar, 1846. Paris. Musée Carnavalet.

"What makes him Deburau I cannot say. He has indeed revolutionized his art. He has created a new type of clown when one thought that all possible varieties had been long since exploited. Where other clowns are fussy, he is cool; where they are full of inconsequential raptures, he is calm and sensible; in him you no longer see the clown rushing to and fro without rhyme or reason; he is a stoic of the deepest dye, mechanically yielding to the impression of each moment as it comes, an actor empty of passion, devoid of words, almost without a face, who yet says it all, expresses it all, mocks at it all, who could play all the comedies of Molière without uttering a syllable, who is aware of all the stupidities of the world and times in which he lives, and gives them life, an inimitable genius, that appears intermittently upon the scene, takes a look round, opens its mouth, shuts its eyes, vanishes, returns to make us laugh or melt our hearts to pity, and all with an inexpressible charm. . . . Deburau leaves it all to you. Deburau needs nothing but his Clown's dress, a little flour on his face, four candles to light his theater, two ill-tuned violins, and for author any scene-painter at all, so long as he will provide the semblance of a forest, a temple, an inn, hell, or heaven, helter-skelter without formal design like a scene in chaos. But let Deburau have his way and out of the chaos order will emerge, as if by magic. He will make his own play out of it, a comedy a thousand times more interesting, more vivacious, more living, truer to life than the whole imperial repertoire of the Théâtre-Français.

Excerpt from "Deburau," by Jules Janin.

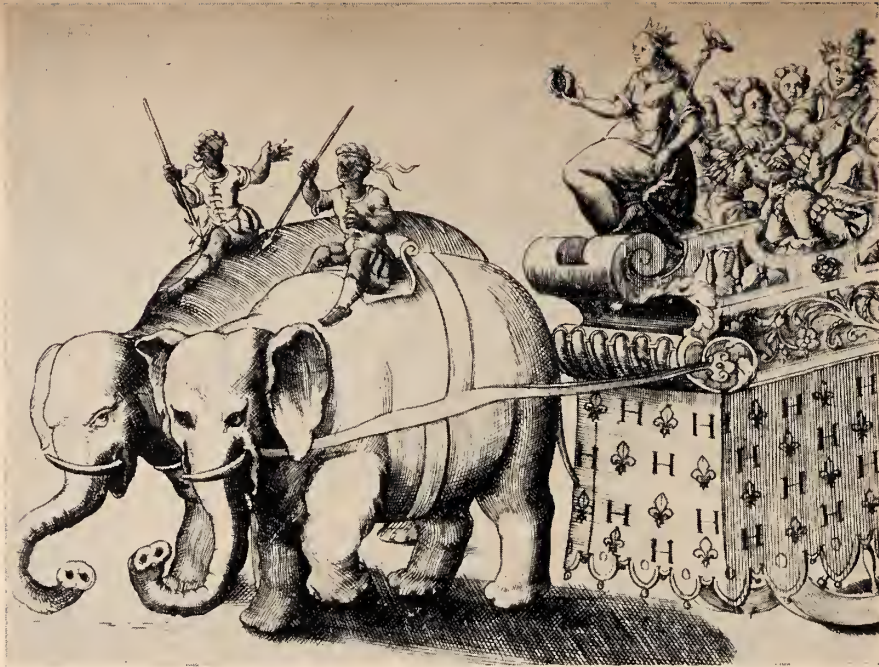
Robert M. McBride and Co.

ELEPHANTS

“Of all the Beasts which thou *This-day* did build,
To haunt the Hills, the Forrest, and the Field,
I see (as Vice-Roy of their Brutish Band)
The *Elephant* the Vant-guard doth command :
Worthy that office ; whether we regard
His Towered back, where many Souldiers ward ;
Or else his Prudence, wherewithall he seems
T’ obscure the wits of human-kinde sometimes :
As studious scholar, he self-rumineth,
His lessons giv’n, his king he honoureth :
Adores the moon : moved with strange desire,
He feels the sweet flames of th’ Idalian fire,
And (pierc’t with glance of a kinde-cruell eye)
For humane beauty, seems to sigh and dye.
Yae (if the Grecians doe not mis-recite)
With’s crooked trumpet he doth sometimes write.”

DU BARTAS : *The Sixth day of the First Week*





"Labyrinthe Royal de L'Hercule." Fête d'Henri IV. Avignon, 1600.



Detail, engraving Israel Silvestre: "Les Plaisirs de l'Isle Enchantée." Versailles, 1664.

The Elephant as Actor, Ballet and Rope Dancer

Dark as the picture presented by the exhibitions of the Roman theatre generally is, it had its brighter side, and elephants were not unfrequently presented as actors in genteel comedy, and as ballet-dancers. The training required for these performances, and other almost incredible feats, must have commenced when the animal was young; indeed, there is no doubt, notwithstanding the supposed impossibility of breeding the animals in confinement, so long cherished in modern times, that elephants were bred at Rome; and as little that the ancients were well acquainted with the fact, so much disputed by Buffon and others, that the young elephant took its maternal nourishment with the mouth, and not with the trunk. The picture of a young elephant and its mother at Pompeii, demonstrates this knowledge.

But their genteel comedy? Six gentleman-elephants, clad in the *toga*, accompanied as many lady guests of the same quality, dressed in the *stola*, to the banquetting-room, and there they went through the ceremonies of the *triclinium* after the most approved fashion. "There was a certain banquet prepared for elephants upon a low bed in a parlour, set with divers dishes and pots of wine, whereinto were admitted twelve, six males, apparelled like men, and six females, apparelled like women; when they saw it, they sat downe with great modesty, taking here and there like discreet, temperat ghests, neither ravening upon one dish or other, and when they should drinke, they tooke the cup receiving the liquor very manerly, and for sport or festivity would, through their trunks, squirt or cast a little of their drink upon their attendants."

Their dances and feats of dexterous strength were no less admirable.

"In the late solemnity of tournois and sword-fight at the sharp which Germanicus Caesar exhibited to gratify the people, the elephants were seen to show pastime with leaping and keeping a stir, as if they danced, after a rude and disorderly manner. A common thing

it was among them to fling weapons and darts in the aire so strongly, that the winds had no power against them: to flourish also beforehand; yea, and to encounter and meet together in fight like sword-fencers; and to make good sport in a kinde of moriske dance. Some of them were so nimble and well practised, that they would enter in an hall or dining place where the tables were set full of guests, and passe among them so gently and daintily, weighing, as it were, their feet in their going, so as they would not hurt or touch any of the company as they were drinking."

Their dancing at last was carried to a high pitch of refinement, for "they learned to daunce after pipes by measure, sometime dauncing softly, and sometime apace, and then again leaping upright, according to the number of the thing sung or played upon the instrument. There was an elephant playing upon a cymball, and others of his fellowes dauncing about him, for there was fastened to either of both of his fore-legs one cymball, and another hanged to his trunk, the beast would observe just time, and strike upon one and then the other, to the admiration of all the beholders."

But all the feats of ancient and modern times were eclipsed by those which now demand our notice. Madame Sacqui, when she ascended and descended the rope stretched from the gallery to the stage, over the upturned heads of the wondering and trembling pit, was hailed as the princess of funambulists. Afterwards, two performers descending from a height which reduced them to the size of fairies, excited, as they danced down the tight-rope amid the blaze of fire-works at Vauxhall, the fears and applause of half London. But when we contemplate an elephant, with all its instincts warning it not to venture its



Detail, Ballet Comique de la Reine of Beaujoyeux, 1581, in which the outline of an elephant may be faintly discerned amongst the foliage of Circe's garden.

immense weight on any frail foundation,—an animal that cannot be tempted to pass a wooden bridge or tread a stage till it has satisfied itself of its sufficient strength,—in a similar situation, the fame of all biped rope-dancers fades before the nicely adjusted skill of the gigantic quadruped. "One of the greatest wonders of them was, that they could mount up and climb against a rope; but more wonderful that they should slide down

again with their heads downwards." In Nero's time, at the celebration of the *Ludi maximi*, a distinguished Roman knight descended the rope, seated on an elephant, and, at the Floral Games, Galba exhibited rope-dancing elephants.

—From *Zoological Recreations*, W. J. Broderlip esq. F.R.S. etc. London Edition, Lea & Blanchard. Phila. 1849.



Crayon drawing: Toulouse-Lautrec.

Theatre-Royal, Liverpool.

The Public is respectfully informed, that the Theatre WILL OPEN FOR THE SEASON,
This present MONDAY, June 14, and that an engagement has been made with

Messrs. Mathews & Yates,

Of the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, for **TWELVE NIGHTS'** performance of the

STUPENDOUS ELEPHANT,

THE TALENTED AND COLOSSAL

MADMOISELLE D'JECK,

WHO WILL APPEAR IN A

GORGEOUS and SPLENDID NEW DRAMA,

Which has been honoured during the whole of the season in London, with the most distinguished patronage. An engagement has also been made with the Three extraordinary

SIAMESE DANCERS,

Whose performance at the Adelphi Theatre, during the whole of last season, was nightly honoured with the loudest plaudits.

This present MONDAY, June 14, 1830,

Will be performed an entirely new gorgeous **INDIAN DRAMATIC SPECTACLE**, with new and splendid Pageants, Music, Scenery, Dresses, Banners, and Decorations, called the

Elephant of Siam, And the FIRE FIEND!

The **MUSIC** composed by G. H. RODWELL—**SCENERY** by Mr. BEVERLY, Mr. MORELLI and Assistants.—**MACHINERY** by Messrs. WILMORE, EVANS, and Assistants.—**DRESSES** by Messrs. GODBEE, SMITHERS, MARSHALL, &c.—**TROPHIES, BANNERS,** &c. by Messrs. GODBEE, PEARCE, HARRISON, &c.

ENGLISH resident at SIAM..

Theophilus Giraffe travelling for the Zoological Society)..... Mr. BAKER,
(From the Theatres Royal, York, Norwich, &c. his first appearance here.)

Titchi (Valet de Chambre to the Royal Elephant)..... Mr. BENWELL

Mrs. Giraffe, alias Zillah (the attendant on the Princess) Mrs. CLARKE

SIAMESE.

Prince Almanza Mr. HAINES | Malec (High Priest of Siam)..... Mr. WEBSTER
Chittagong, (Grand High Chamberlain to the Elephant) Mr. SMITH | Principal Officer, Mr. LEAVES
Indanora (Princess of Siam) Miss SEYMOUR,

(From the Theatre-Royal, Bristol, her first appearance here.)

Ludicia Miss SCRUTON | Irma Miss M. CLARKSON

Principal Dancing Slaves.... Mrs. CLARKSON, and Miss CLARKSON

Ladies of the Scrai..... Messds. GARDINER, MORELLI, WEBSTER, &c. &c.
Priests, Dervizes, Soldiers, &c. &c.

BURMESE.

Korassan the Usurper..... Mr. CLARKSON | Saib (his first officer) Mr. HUNT
Kaherbab, the Traitor Priest..... Mr. GARDINER

SUPERNATURALS.

Hafed..... (the Fire Fiend) Mr. SIMPSON

Slaves of Fire..... Messrs. BENNETT, BARRETT, MORELLI, &c. &c.

Incidental to the Piece, the following Scenery, &c.

Mystic Cave of the Fiend, & Descent on his Throne of Fire.
SPLENDID KIOSK AND GARDENS OF THE PRINCESS.

Visit by the Royal Elephant.

TEMPLE OF THE HEATHEN DEITY, SOMONA KODAM.

Funeral Dance of the Jugglers of the King of Siam.

BY THE SIAMESE DANCERS OF THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

DEFEAT OF THE CONSPIRATORS BY THE ROYAL ELEPHANT.

Exterior of the Elephant's Pavilion.—Grand Banquet Chamber.

The ROYAL ELEPHANT at DINNER.

Dance by the Royal Elephant, and the Ladies of her Court.

Grand Square in Siam.—**DECISION** of the ROYAL ELEPHANT, who snatches the Crown from the Head of the Usurper, places it on the rightful Prince, & Triumphantlly Carries him off over the heads of his Enemies.

Asiatic Pavilion.—The Bivouac of the Royal Elephant.

Extraordinary Sagacity evinced by her contrivance for the Escape of the Prince.

FIRE FIEND'S CAVE.—SPLENDID LAST SCENE.

TRIUMPH OF THE ELEPHANT.—GRAND PROCESSION AND PAGEANT.

Ballet des Elephants

The Elephant Ballet directed by George Balanchine—eighteenth display in the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus, 1942—was the result of an idea picked up by John Ringling North in Budapest before the war. It comprised a Corps de Ballet and a Corps des Eléphants featuring Modoc (in center ring) and Vanessa, a Hindoo première ballerina. The music was by Stravinsky, and Walter McClain, Ringling Superintendent of elephants, collaborating with Mr. Balanchine, “taught the elephants their routine.”

Routine is the carefully right word, since an elephant is graceful when doing things it could do if not taught to do them, and is enhanced by a skirt as the grace of a venerable live oak would be enhanced by a skirt. And although as actors or workers, “in ring or in harness,” of the sixteen hundred troupers in the circus, “the most obliging and even-tempered creatures on the lot” are said to be the elephants, it is when “they lay aside the buskin” that they have it on. Their deliberate way of kneeling, on slowsliding forelegs—like a cat’s yawning stretch or a ship’s slide into the water—is fine ballet; the pageant of fifty elephants with lights dimmed for the closing feature, gave an effect of rocks with traces of snow in the fissures that, with the overwhelming sameness of the all-pink whirling nymphs and their fifty rigid garlands, became a gigantically perfect monotone. The garlands—of apple-blossoms or wild roses—were presently laid aside, and if memory does not deceive me, each nymph, with an elephant as partner, made a stair of the elephant’s knee, pulling hard on the car to gain the summit, and sat—arm lifted—on the bandeau worn by the elephant.

Then, flitting from the shadow to join the principal elephant, came a fairy in powder blue with the constantly interested impetus of the paisano-bird. Her steps were not a novelty as she semi-circled the elephant—were in fact, a summary of manoeuvres already performed by the ballet. Her momentum was the surprise. A Javanese dancer’s hinged hands and feet moving at right angles to the bone, give a similar impression, making the usual dancer by comparison a trifle unnatural; as though a man were impersonating a woman or a boy were waving at someone from the top of a freight-car. Swirled aloft on the elephant’s trunk, Vanessa with a confidence in his skill that was unanimity, had the security of a newt in the fork of a tree,—the spiral of the elephant’s trunk repeating the spirals of the dancing: a moment of magnificence.

Marianne Moore



The Nature of the Beast

I can agree with you that several stories told about the talents of the elephant need confirmation. Hence, I have never read without a trace of doubt, Plutarch's anecdote (*De solert. anim.*, cap. xii) about an elephant who, punished for having danced badly, was found later practicing by himself, in the light of the moon.

But there are scientific witnesses who testify to the magnanimity of the elephant, his exalted sense of duty and dignified self-respect.

Griffiths, whose good faith cannot be questioned, cites a very characteristic example of this self-respect. At the siege of Bhurtpore, after a long delay by the British before the walls of the town, a season of dry winds had exhausted the reservoirs and competition was very keen around the last wells which held water. One day, two drivers found themselves by the wells with their elephants; one of the beasts, who was of a very remarkable size, seeing his comrade make use of a pail to draw water, seized it from him by force. During all this the two guardians noticed nothing wrong, while the victim, conscious of the affront, held his resentment. But when the thief leaned on the edge of the well to reach the water, the smaller elephant found enormous strength, launched himself with lowered head against his enemy, and pushed him into the cistern.

This pride, whenever it triumphs, is useful to the efforts of the trainer, but has, on occasion, tragic results. When an elephant is trained, usually at the end of two months he can do without the accompaniment of a monitor-elephant, and is, from then on, mounted by his personal rider. At the end of three or four months he is docile enough to work; but there is danger of cutting short his career, for one has often seen perfectly well behaved, adult elephants lie down on the ground and give up their last sigh the very first time they are put in harness. Natives say they die of a broken heart; in any case it is neither of illness nor wounds.

I have found somewhere else, in the memoirs the

Rev. Julius Young has published of his father, the actor Charles Young, an anecdote which well shows the wisdom and the affectionate sensibility of the pachyderm.

The newspapers had just announced the arrival in England of the biggest elephant ever seen. Hearing of this, Henry Harris, director of Covent Garden, bought Chung, which was the animal's name, to exhibit him in a pantomime entitled "Harlequin," which was mounted with great expense. Harris bought him for 22,500 francs, or 900 guineas. Madame Henry Johnson had to mount the beast, and Miss Parker had the role of Columbine. But at the dress rehearsal, on coming to the bridge thrown across a cascade, Chung stopped and refused to cross the practicable scenery, of which he was, not without reason, frightened. In vain the mahout, furious, jabbed him above the ears with his iron pick. Eyes lowered, ears hanging, the enormous animal remained standing in a puddle of blood, immovable as a wall.

In the middle of this disturbance, the captain of the boat which had brought Chung to England arrived. He was fond of the animal, and had often brought it dainties. Hardly had the elephant recognized his friend, than he approached him with a suppliant air, took his hand gently in his trunk and plunged it into his bloody wound, then brought it out in front of the captain's eyes. The gesture said as clearly as words: See how they've made me suffer.

Poor Chung seemed so unhappy that everyone was touched, even the rider. To make amends, the cruel mahout ran to buy some apples which he offered the elephant; but Chung, in disdain, threw them far away. The Captain also brought him fruit from Covent Garden market, and Chung accepted his offering. When he had finished eating, he gently stroked the body of his protector.

Since no one has yet succeeded in taming the whale, the elephant is still the largest beast upon which man has imposed obedience.

Les Jeux du Cirque. Hugues Roux. Paris, 1889



Rope Dancer. ca. 1870. (Blondin was the French variety artist who crossed Niagara Falls on a tight-rope.)

BALLERINAS



American woodcut. ca. 1860.

"GODDESS OF GYMNASTICS"

The thought of an heroic falsehood had come into his head.

"I—I am going to the Circus in the Champs Elysees; it opens to-night, and I can't miss it."

"Why not?" said Clementine, questioning him by a look that was half anger.

"Must I tell you why?" he said, coloring; "must I confide to you what I hide from Adam, who thinks my only love is Poland."

"Ah! a secret in our noble captain?"

"A disgraceful one—which you will perhaps understand, and pity."

"You, disgraced?"

"Yes, I, Comte Paz; I am madly in love with a girl who travels all over France with the Bouthor family,—people who have the rival circus to Franconi; but they play only at fairs. I have made the director at the Cirque-Olympique engage her."

"Is she handsome?"

"To my thinking," said Paz, in a melancholy tone. "Malaga (that's her stage name) is strong, active, and supple. Why do I prefer her to all other women in the world?—well, I can't tell you. When I look at her, with her black hair tied with a blue satin ribbon, floating on her bare and olive-colored shoulders, and when she is dressed in a white tunic with a gold edge, and knitted silk bodice that makes her look like a living Greek statue, and when I see her carrying those flags in her hand to the sound of martial music, and jumping through the paper hoops which tear as she goes through, and lighting so gracefully on the galloping horse to such applause,—no hired clapping,—well, all that moves me."

"More than a handsome woman in a ballroom?" asked Clementine, with amazement and curiosity.

"Yes, answered Paz, in a choking voice. "Such agility, such grace under constant danger seems to me the height of triumph for a woman. Yes, madame, Cinti and Malibran, Grisi and Taglioni, Pasta and Ellsler, all who reign or have reigned on the stage, can't be compared, to my mind, with Malaga, who can jump on or off a horse at full gallop, or stand on the point of one foot and fall easily into the saddle and knit stockings, break eggs, and make an omelette with the horse at full speed, to the admiration of the people,—the real people, peasants and soldiers. Malaga, madame, is dexterity personified; her little wrist or her little foot can rid her of three or four men. She is the goddess of gymnastics."

"She must be stupid—"

"Oh, no," said Paz, "I find her as amusing as the heroine of 'Peveril of the Peak.' Thoughtless as a Bohemian, she says everything that comes into her head; she thinks no more about the future than you do of the sous you fling to the poor. She says grand things sometimes. You couldn't make her believe that an old diplomatist was a handsome young man, not if you offered her a million of francs. Such love as hers is perpetual flattery to a man. Her health is positively insolent, and she has thirty-two orient pearls in lips of coral. Her muzzle—that's what she calls the lower part of her face—has, as Shakespeare expresses it, the savor of a heifer's nose. She can make a man unhappy. She likes handsome men, strong men, Alexanders, gymnasts, clowns. Her trainer, a horrible brute, used to beat her to make her supple, and graceful, and intrepid—"

"You are positively intoxicated with Malaga."

"Oh, she is called Malaga only on the posters," said Paz, with a piqued air. "She lives in the Rue Saint-Lazare, in a pretty apartment on the third story, all velvet and silk, like a princess. She has two lives, her circus life and the life of a pretty woman."

"Does she love you?"

"She loves me—now you will laugh—solely because I'm a Pole. She saw an engraving of Poles rushing with Poniatowski into the Elster,—for all France persists in thinking that the Elster, where it is impossible to get drowned, is an impetuous flood, in which Poniatowski and his followers were engulfed. But in the midst of all this I am very unhappy, madame."

A tear of rage fell from his eyes and affected the countess.

"You must have such a passion for singularity."

"And you?" said Thaddeus.

"I know Adam so well that I am certain he could forget me for some mountebank like your Malaga. Where did you first see her?"

"At Saint-Cloud, last September, on the fete-day. She was at a corner of a booth covered with flags, where the shows are given. Her comrades, all in Polish costumes, were making a horrible racket. I watched her standing there, silent and dumb and I thought I saw a melancholy expression in her face; in truth there was enough about her to sadden a girl of twenty. That touched me."

The countess was sitting in a delicious attitude pensive and rather melancholy.

"Poor, poor Thaddeus!" she exclaimed. Then, with the kindliness of a true great lady she added, not without a malicious smile, "Well go, go to your Circus."

Thaddeus took her hand, kissed it, leaving a hot tear upon it, and went out.

Excerpt from "Paz," Comédie Humaine of Honoré de Balzac.



* "The American Circus in France." Detail from painting by F. A. Bridgman, ca. 1870.



"At the Circus." Drypoint: Picasso. 1905.



1945.



ca. 1870.

BIG CAGE BALLERINAS.

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Flea Circus Ballerinas. J. G. Francis. 1886.



"Favorite Comic Dance." Bologna and Grimaldi in the pantomime *Mother Goose*. London, 1807.